Tests for Railroad Employes.

[Indianapolis News.]

The reporter was next subjected to the other tests required, and the results recorded in a blank provided for that purpose. At a distance of twenty feet he was required to name letters displayed on a card, in different sizes of large type, and the result was that he could hardly tell certain letters at twenty feet which a perfect vision should distinguish at thirty. He was therefore marked two-thirds for acuteness of vision. For range of vision each eye was tested on fine print. Another discovery was made, that with his left eye he could read it when no closer than seven and one-half inches, while with his right eye he could read it as close as four and one-half inches. "In cases like that," said Mr. Turner, "the employe is first examined by a professional oculist, who prescribes a certain kind of glasses for him to wear, so as to make the sight of both eyes equal, and the expense of this is defrayed by the company."

The directions for the third test—that of range of vision—are as follows: "Let the examiner stand in front of the examined at a distance of three feet, and, directing him to keep his eyes fixed on the right eye of the examiner and keep them so fixed, let the examiner extend his arms laterally, and, opening and shutting his hands, let him by questions satisfy himself that his hands are seen by the examined without changing the direction of his eyes, recording the result as good or defective, as the case may be."

The test for hearing is as follows: "If a person who has a good ear hears a watch tick at five feet distance, and the person examined hears it only at one foot, his hearing would be one-fifth, and may be recorded in fractions. Conversation in an ordinary tone should be heard at ten feet." The results of the various tests made were recorded in detail and duly certified to by the examining committee, and then signed by the superintendent.

How an Oyster Builds Its Shell.

[Cleveland Sun.]

In building its shell the oyster starts with the hinge end, at the spot known to conchologists as the umbo. A small plate or single scale now represents each valve, and that is the first season's growth. The next season a new growth or plate shoots out from underneath the first one, just as the shingles do. The oystermen call these laps or plates "shoots," and they claim that the number of shoots indicate the years of the oyster. They certainly do contain a record of the seasons. But there is often great difficulty in differentiating these shoots. The record is often obliterated in places by the growth of the parasites, which build their shells or tubes upon the oyster.

I have likened these shoots to shingles Now, at the gable of the house these shingles may be seen edgewise. So on the one side of an oyster shell is a series of lines. This is the edgewise view of the shoots or season growths. Another factor is this purple spot, or scar, in the interior of the shell. It is the place of attachment of the abductor muscle. Its first place of attachment was close up to the hinge. Had it stayed there until the shell had become adult, how difficult would be the task of pulling the valves together, the leverage to be overcome would be so great; for he must bear in mind the fact that at the hinge end the valves are held by this black ligament, which is in life elastic, swelling when the shell opens and being compressed when the animal draws the valves together.

So with every year's growth or elongation of the shell the mollusk moves the place of attachment of the muscle onward, that is an advance further from the hinge. As it does so it covers up with white nacre all the scars that are back of the one in actual use as the point of the attachment of the muscle. This you can prove by eating off with nitric acid this covering, and thus exposing the whole life series of scars or attachments.

First Confederate Battle Flags.

From Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Recollections of a Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War," the following is taken:

"Another incident of note, in personal experience during the autum of '61, was that to two of my cousins and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle flags of the Confederacy directly after congress had decided upon a design for them. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceding states. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and when they were finished dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn—the latter afterward a dashing cavalry leader, but then commanding infantry at Manassas The banners were received with all the enthusiasm we could have hoped for were toasted, feted, cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and smoke-stained from long and honorable service in the field."

Buried Them Deep.

[Boston Advertiser.]

The Smithsonian institute has received from Barton county, Georgia, a natural curiosity that is arousing much interest. A company which is getting out limestone from a solid ledge found, 100 feet below the surface of the ledge, an immense deposit of human and animal bones carelessly heaped together and imbedded in the solid rock. The bones are intact, but break when the effort is made to free them from the stone.

A mass of this conglomerate of stone and bones weighing 5,000 pounds has been received here, and the Smithsonian authorities will send an expert down to examine the deposit, which is represented to weigh many tons. No explanation is offered for the bones being there, save that a cave existed there inhabited by antediluvians and it afterwards slowly filled with a limestone deposit which can not now be distinguished from the original rock.

Isinglass.

Isinglass is a sort of gelatine, prepared from the swim-bladder of the sturgeon, and of other fish. It is used in cookery and confectionery, also as a size for delicate fabrics, and for other purposes.

HOW NOT TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

The System of Underfeeding—Is Stern Economy a Good Thing?

[Philadelphia Press.]

The leading French and English journals have given lately several articles on the art of living, or, rather, the art of living cheaply. They are addressed, of course, to the poorest classes. Certain examples are held up for imitation. M. Rousseau, for instance, working filemaker, receiving about 40 cents per day, spends 10 cents for food, and so limits his expenses for clothes, rent, etc., as to save nearly $4.50 in three months. Instances of admirable managers among the wives of English laborers are cited who have reduced their expenses for food to the lowest amount of pennies on which a human being could subsist. The lesson which all these articles enforce is that the poor should study how to do without meat, and other savory morsels in their daily food, to live on oatmeal, milk, soup, etc., and that the rich should combine to enforce this lesson, and so "help the poor to help themselves, instead of giving blankets, Christmas dolls and grants to sick women and children."

The tone and animus of these reformatory articles agree precisely with those which appear every six months in the American papers, and which are aimed at the woes of laboring men. They are told that the average American menage is the most extravagant in the world; that two French families would subsist on the waste in one of our kitchens, etc., etc. The remedy is invariably a system of economy in food; 10 or 15 cent dinners, compounded chiefly of beans and bones, soups made of high flavors and much water.

Now we do not advocate the waste of a crust. But we do question the wisdom of stinginess in providing food for family. The man and woman who use their bodies for hard manual labor must nourish them. Let economy begin somewhere else. Let the rooms go without carpets and dresses without trimming, but let the meals be substantial and solid.

Practically the system of underfeeding never has answered. If a man does not get the amount of nutriment which his body requires he will take stimulant instead. Wine makes up to Jacques for his soupe maigre and whisky to Sandy for his oatmeal. The nervous American, with his fluctuating extremes of climate, requires a variety of food, and nature has provided it for him. The economical housekeeper, whose praise is in all the papers, who saves out of her market money enough to buy books and magazines, is committing a fatal error, to which half the female reformers thoughtlessly egg her on.

It is worth our while, too, to look squarely at this question of economy All English speaking people believe (though they may not practice it) that strict economy is the chief practical virture—a good and helpful thing to a man and a family. The Scotch taught this faith to Great Britain and the Puritans to America. It was true to them both in their hard struggle with poverty and niggardly soil.

But is it always true? Is stern, pinching economy a good thing? Is it a helpful thing? Does not the child become a more liberal, generous, happier man, healthier in body and mind, who has not from his birth been nagged and rasped by petty economies, by the perpetual gnawing of stomach and brain for food that was denied them? Has not the penny wise system pushed to extremes produced in individuals and races a morose and gloomy temper, intolerance, narrow, bigoted habits of thought and action? Would the American have his characteristic large, careless good nature, his sweet, tolerant charity for all men and creeds if he had been systematically starved and stinted in material goods in his childhood?

Again, the American or English economist, who, sitting in his own luxurious home after a comfortable meal, plans how the workingman must first of all be taught how to live on so many pennies per diem for food, so many for coals, so many for clothes, etc., the whole representing the extremest conditions of poverty, forgets that no human being ever did or could run this hard, unvarying round of work and bare necessity, month after month, year after year. There must be an outlet—the amusement, the excitement, the extravagance—the step beyond bodily necessity, which makes life worth living. Man cannot live by bread alone, even when his bread is of the finest. It is among the laboring class in England and Scotland who are forced down to their barest, hardest conditions of work and pay that there is the most gin drunk, that intemperance and unchastity are most common. Human nature will and does break over somewhere. Cheap, wholesome amusements provided for the poor are the most effective, healthful form of modern benevolence. They are beginning to supply in England and in this country what the Frenchman or Italian finds for himself in his dances and frequent fetes.

Old Style and New.

[Chicago Herald.]

The calendar, as reformed by Cæsar, is still used in the Russian empire, and was in use all over Europe until the year 1582. To obviate an error which amounted to about twelve days Pope Gregory XIII, ordered, Oct. 5, 1582, to be called Oct. 15, and that all centennial years which are not multiples of 400 should not be made leap years: thus 1600 was a leap year, and 2000 will be the next that falls on a centenary year.

The Gregorian method of intercalculation reconciles with much accuracy the civil with the solar year; the latter consists of 365 days five hours and forty-eight minutes and a small fraction. The Gregorian rule of omitting three leap years every 400 years, reducing these to 146,097 days, gives to a civil year an average duration of 365 days 5 hours and 1 seconds, which exceeds the true solar year only so much as to make a difference of one day every 8,886 years. This calendar, civil and ecclesiastical, was soon adopted in the Catholic states while in the Protestant states it was but partially adopted in 1700, and not entirely till 1774. The change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar was made in Great Britain in 1753, Sept. 2 being called Sept. 14.

IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

An Over-Heated Correspondent Plans an Ideal City for Hot Weather.

[Fresno Co. (Cal.) Cor. N. Y. Times.]

But when the north wind "lays itself out" to show what it can do in the way of heat then you shall see a hotness that will give the pavements of New York cause to blush that they cannot warm up in the dog days. Were a city of far less size and density of population than those of New York, but made of stone and brick like the superstructure of Manhattan island, to be planted in the valley here below, the people thereof would during one of these "hot spells" be swept away like flies at the approach of winter.

But a city might be built here that would surpass all other cities in the comforts and delights of physical life. No stone or any brick should enter the composition of its building unless shielded by some material of less heat retentive and reflective qualities. No building should exceed one story in heigth. Large edifices should be with inner courts, with fountains and semi-tropical plants and trees therein. The streets should be broad, paved with wood, and cleansed with never-ceasing cleansing. Generous channels of pure water should run between the roadway and the walks for foot passengers, and by the water on either side should be broad strips of green turf. Fig trees and orange trees and the tree of the walnut should thickly line every highway and byway, and there should be no forbidden fruit.

The fruit should be so plenty that all might eat and still there be a plenty. The dwellings should be surrounded with hedges of pomegranate, and roses and all sweet-smelling flowers should bloom in abounding profusion. Great arbors of grapevines should grow everywhere, and no man should let or hinder him who sought to pluck the ponderous clusters from the vine. Fountains should throw up lofty spray at every corner. Great ponds with cool birds thereon and turf-clad banks should form centers whence the streets would radiate. Soft strains of music woven from stringed instruments should fill the evening air. One great promenade, luxuriant with overhanging shade trees, should surround the city. Open-air cafes there should be and unroofed theatres and concert gardens and all the loudness and vulgarity usually to be met with in such places rigidly tabooed.

And the persons from Nob Hill and the rich Californian generally should be held at bay. But the shop windows should display the artistic wealth of the world. There should be a mighty aqueduct, bringing water underneath the ground from far up in the mountains or many artesian wells should supply every want to a plethora. The city officials from mayor to constable should be men of letters, artists, and the like, with some rich individuals of approved taste and having experience in affairs. Chesterfieldian manners should reign supreme, and those people who must be always doing something should be excluded like the pestilence. The long midday should be made a siesta—the evening and the morning should be dreams of pleasures—pleasure toned down, modulated, refined.

Then, in that city, with many other things added to those which I have put down would the climate of the San Joaquin be found glorious. And the people of the world—the rich, cultivated world—would flock thereto to spend their gold, and the inhabitants thereof would rake in the pile and chuckle at their own wiles. And the scheme is not a visionary one.

The Snail as a Barometer.

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather, than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture during a rain and exude it afterward. This animal is never seen abroad except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree snail, as it is called, two days before rain will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, then they get on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain, on the outside. Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by holes and protuberances, which before a rain rise as large tubercles. These will begin to show themselves ten days before a rain. At the end of each tubercle is a pore which opens when the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns and ending with the pointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

A Pernicious System of Labor.

[New York Telegram.]

One of the pernicious systems in vogue in this city is that known as the "sweating system." It is carried on to a fearful extent, and enters into various manufactures and saps the very life out of the miserable wage workers who are its victims, while the "sweaters," or bosses who carry it on are making money. These bosses, who take contracts or engagements to make certain quantities of wearing apparel, furnishing goods, etc., have out-of-the way work-rooms in the east side tenement houses, and are careful to exclude outsiders from them, and to give no information concerning the scant wages they pay. Two, three, and four dollars a week are about the figures paid good sewing women with machines, and they druge along ten and eleven hours a day in close and unhealthy rooms, eking out a miserable existence and endeavoring, in many instances, to aid in the support of families.

Where Ice Cream Originated.

[Chicago Herald.]

The Cafe Procspe, Paris, has closed its doors. It was the oldest establishment of its kind in Paris. It was opened in 1689 by a Sicilian, who gave it his name, and was the resort of the most illustrious writers of the eighteenth century. Ice creams were first served from this cafe.

For Sore Throat.

Strong black tea, used cold, forms an excellent prophylactic against common "sore throat." A solution of table salt, one dram to a pint, is also efficacious.

FUN OF BREAKING A BRONCHO.

The Severe But Salutary Lessons Given by Cow-Boys to Unbroken Colts.

While the boys goes on assigning the horses, Tex coils up his riata, a rope of plaited rawhide as large as your finger and from fifty to eighty feet long. On the end of this is worked a "hondoo," or small ring of cowhide, through which the rope is doubled, and he pulls enough slack through it to make a loop fifteen or twenty feet in circumference. Holding the coil in his left hand, he grasps the rope just outside the loop and holds it in his right hand, doubled back on the loop. Then he throws the loop out behind him and shouts to the colt, who makes a dash along the side of the corral. As he passes Tex throws the loop overhand and jerks it taut as it falls over the pony's head. The frightened colt runs to the end of the rope at full speed, and meanwhile Tex crouches on the ground, with his weight thrown back on the rope. The pony changes ends with a jerk that almost breaks his neck, and then Tex runs up to him. This gives him slack and starts him again, and after the performance has been gone through a dozen times the pony has learned not to "run on a rope," and the first step toward his education is accomplished. He is then named. This is a subject for debate, and Tex finally decides on "Streaks," as appropriate to a "paint" or piebald horse Streaks is led out of the corral, and, while one of the other boys holds the rope, Tex takes another rope, and as the pony runs past him snares his fore feet and throws him. This second rope is passed to another man, who holds it so that the pony is powerless.

Blanket and saddle are clinched on, and "hackamore," a sort of halter with a nose-piece that will draw tightly when pulled, is put on. To this is added a horsehair rope, called a macarte, and, after a handkerchief has been put over the pony's eyes the other ropes are loosed. Streaks plunges to his feet and runs on the macarte. This he finds even more unprofitable that running on the riata, for the nose-piece brings him up all standing. When he is quiet enough to approach, Tex ties the macarte so as to make reins, and throws himself into the saddle. Streaks looks as if he meant mischief, and the by-standers climb up on the corral to be out of harm's way. Sometimes a mounted man is at hand to "haze" the broncho and keep him from running through a wire-fence or smashing into a wagon. Tex reaches over and raises the blind, and then the fun begins. Streaks stands still for a moment, and then makes a mad plunge in the air and lands on his stiffened forelegs, with his nose almost on the ground. Tex has balanced himself and returns the compliment with a touch of the spur. Streaks makes a succession of plunges, changing ends at every jump, and striking the ground like a street-paver's rammer. He is evidently a "plumb son of a gun," for he pitches in a circle, which is far harder for the rider than if he pitched straight ahead.

The boys shout encouragingly: "Sit him deep, Tex!" "California him!" "Hang and rattle!" "Set him afire!" "Look for a prickly pear to light on!" "Mind that prairie-dog town!" Tex plies spur and cuerdo, shouting "I-ic-a-a," a talismanic word of much repute among "broncho busters." Streaks finds that bucking is no use, and he suddenly rears and falls over backward, driving the horn of the saddle into the ground. He looks around to enjoy the sight of Tex's lifeless body, but Tex is standing by his head with the coil of the macarte, which had been caught under his belt, fast in his left hand. When Streaks finds his feet again Tex is on his back, and the pony makes a bolt of it. A mile or two tells on him, and Tex manages to jerk his head around so that he heads for home again. When the pony is so exhausted that he is comparatively submissive he is a "broke horse." He will be harder to ride the second time when he is bitted than the first, but by the time he has been mounted half a dozen times he will be quite tractable. Then he has to be taught to "savvy cows," and must learn to dodge, stop and whirl around like a cat.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Thousands with Nothing to Do.

It is interesting and instructive to watch the currents of thought as they crop out in various directions. I sometimes think that if the philanthropic ideas that hatch in Boston and eastern Massachusetts could be shipped, as we ship wares and cases of books, to all parts of the land, they would be seed corn for the millennium on this continent. But ideas propagate mainly by contact with living men and women.

Here in Boston there are uncounted thousands who are dying of ennui because they have nothing to do; that is, they have no real life errand, and so no spontaniety, freshness, vitality—no calling that is satisfying to an immortal nature. A cataclysm that should distribute them over the continent, landing them safely in new fields of enterprise, would give them opportunity to root and grow and come to fruitage. As the sequel to "Nothing to Wear," some one should give a poem entitled "Nothing to Do." Is not the theme ample for an epic?—Cor. Christian Union.

Borax Field on the Pacific Coast.

Teel's marsh, in Nevada, is the most productive borax field on the Pacific coast. Its deposits cover ten square miles of surface, and it is said to include chemically pure common salt, borax in three forms, sulphate of soda, and carbonate of soda. The basin of Nevada, in which it is situated, is covered in many parts with dry, efflorescent salts, washed in course of ages from the soda feldspar of the volcanic rocks and ridges of yellow lava which cover the country for miles. The waters of the lakes are heavy, appear like thin oil, smell like soap, possess great detersive qualities, are caustic as potash, and easily saponify.—Chicago Times.

Cheapness of a Hindoo Loom.

A Hindoo loom, complete, is worth 68 cents, and weaves shawls, silk and muslins which our most expensive apparatus can not equal.—Philadelphia Call.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

Special attention will be given to the Compounding of Medicines and a careful and competent Prescriptionist will be in attendance at all hours.

S. B. STEWART.

March 18, 1885—tf

KINCANNON, SON & CO.,

—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

HARDWARE, STOVES,

Tin and Sheet Ironware,

CHINA, GLAS & QUEENSWARE,

STONEWARE,

Wagons, McCormick Harvesting Machines, Hay Rakes, Etc., Etc.

Fine Dinner Sets,

ROGER BRO'S PLATED GOODS

—AND—

Meikle Plows

A SPECIALTY.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING AT LOWEST PRICES.

57 & 59 Franklin Street - - Clarksville, Tennessee.

April 4, 1885.

BIG SHOW!

1853.....TO.....1886

THE RELIABLE

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

JOHN RICK'S,

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Mine is the Only House Dealing Exclusively in Boots and Shoes.

My goods are all made for me by my instructions by the most Reliable House in America. All goods warranted. I keep in stock all kinds of footwear,

Men's Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Shoes, Misses' and Children's Shoes, Lot of School Shoes just received

Made especially for the school children. All rips in goods sold by me repaired free of charge. The above named goods will be sold for a very small margin. Come and examine my stock and prices before buying elsewhere.

Manufacturing Department. I have on hand a large stock of the finest brands of French Calf, Kip and Sole Leather, and can make a Boot or Shoe which defies competition, at the very lowest possible price. I do nothing but first-class work, which has my personal attention, and execute all orders with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice. Respectfully,

JOHN RICK.

HENRY A. RICK, JNO. W. BEDWELL, Salesmen. nov21-85

WHAT AN OLD SMOKER SAYS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 28, 1884.

Mr. W. S. Jones, City:

The sample of Smoking Tobacco received of you, labeled "PIPE OF PEACE," is the BEST Smoking Tobacco I have had in ten years. It is deliciously flavored, is plenty strong, and doesn't bite the tongue. I shall smoke none other as long as I can get this, and I want 10 lbs. to lay away for a rainy day. Your friend, GEO. E. PURVIS.

Manufactured by E. B. ROSS, Rossview, Tenn., and put up in attractive style. Orders from jobbers and wholesale dealers solicited.

J. C. KENDRICK. JOHN H. PETTUS. GEO. S. IRWIN.

Kendrick, Pettus & Co.,

Tobacco Saesmen,

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE,

Cor. Main and Front Streets, - - Clarksville, Tenn.

Just Below the New Tobacco Exchange.

—:o:—

All Tobacco in our warehouse in Clarksville, on which advances have been made, will be insured at owners' expense until sold; and all Tobacco received by us at our warehouse in Clarksville, upon which there is no advance, will be insured at owners' expense, unless we have written instructions not to insure; and after being sold all Tobacco, will be held at risk of the buyer.

nov5-tf